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As he had a most respectable class at his lectures, I was desirous of making an experiment in relation to my own Art, and to ascertain what impression could be produced by the exhibition of pictures *singly*, under a good light. For this purpose I wrote an ironical lecture against phrenology, and Mr. Combe announced to his class that I would lecture to them. There was, consequently a full attendance; and at the close of my lecture, as I had no plaster casts and skulls to show, I removed a curtain from my copy of *Raphael's* Madonna della Seggiola, and presented it as the manifestation of maternal affection—and then uncovered a copy I had made from a beautiful head by *Greuze*—giving a short account of each picture. They were greeted with universal applause—and the company *lingered* to look, till I covered up the paintings. The experiment was successful. Its efficacy is now employed in the exhibition of beautiful and instructive panoramas.

REMBRANDT PEALE.

FOURIER ET HOC GENUS OMNE.

THE plant of civilization, like other plants, springs from God's ground, it has its roots in the business and bosoms of men, throws into the sunshine and the air the stem and branches of its toil and its culture, blossoms in poetry and heroism, and bears at length the fruit of science, which is a forbidden fruit only in its pulp and rind—its seeds are wisdom—not all wisdom, for of the seed itself the germ is small part, since there, too, is a rind and a pulp, even the divine embryo of future betterment therein wrapped and conserved cannot quicken unless it die, for this is not a world for Eureka! and exultation, but for courage, toil and brotherly love.

Herein do I find the mischiefs of the older world that they have sought to establish, check, and stop the rolling ball that circles round the sun; and truly they were giants, for though they could not stop they have shaken it, which is enough, when you consider who made it and set it going.

The higher development of each civilization is a self-criticism, and along with the condemnation of the past, neatly packed in silken integument, lies a promise of better things. But this divine verdict towering at the top of the plant can only wither by staying there; it must be blown, or shaken, or plucked thence and consigned to that earth which we all despise so truly—the hearts and heads of common men—there must it find the soil and moisture, blood and tears, which burst its rind and evolve the godhead within.

The philosophy of Aristotle, the method of Bacon, the politics of Machiavelli, the social contract of Rousseau, the Tirannide of Alfieri, and the philanthropy of Wilberforce, have by turns gotten into the brains and arms of men who knew not how to write, else had they been (pardon a pathological illustration), mere ejaculations of the brain.

The rhetorical beauty and elaborate putting out of hand of these gentlemen's performances marks their position in the career of culture, not roots but lordly seed cups are they. They have no filaments that pierce the solid earth with a diameter of a spider's web, yet absorb. Not cush-

ioned in cool halls sacred to stillness and fragrant with Russia binding, do men found dynasties. The sign-manual of the Grand Turk hath a blood relationship with these cunning fruits of the human mind, these theories incarnate in rhetoric. It also is symmetrical, elaborate, pleasing to the eye, but if you will mark well its contour and features, you shall yet see the bloody hand laid down on the sheepskin—which was its prototype.

Study thou thy botanies! it is well! but still shalt thou make the good Scotch gardener smile at thy shortcomings; study thou thy anatomies! it is well! still shall a Silesian peasant cure while thy utmost book only sufficeth to kill; study thou thy electricities and chemistry in thy Institut and Royal College, yet shall one American painter alone, report thee to the antipodes, another row thee thither; study thou thy mechanics and forces and mathematics, build thy practical navies and thy yachts made by scientific norma to outstrip the world, yet shall the shrewd eye and rule of thumb suffice to leave thee seven miles to leeward, while thy queen sees the discomfiture through her tears.

The voyage of discovery and improvement hath been made with a captain who came in through the cabin windows, but there were good dumb boatswains on board, who managed to say yes and no.

We who cut stone, temper our tools and choose our blocks by rules that be not in the Encyclopædia or Conversations Lexicon. We are jealous of these knowledges, many of them are vague, dim, guess-work to appearance. When the book-maker doth cross-question us to extract the kernel of our toil, we hang the lip and look silly; under the garb of inarticulate stupidity lies a grim determination that the idler enter not into our rest.

When the great monolite was erected, by Fontana, if I remember, in the square of St. Peters, it was determined to make that job an incarnation of the means and knowledge of Rome. This was noble and truly human! They arranged their tackle, *spotted* their hands, and a papal edict promised death to any man who should utter a word, until the engineer gave the signal that all risk was past. The square was full of admiring eyes and beating hearts; slowly that huge crystallization of Egyptian sweat rose on its basis—five degrees, ten, fifteen, twenty, alas! There be signs of faltering; no matter! twenty-five, thirty, forty, forty-three—there is trouble! Lo! the hempen cables that, like faithful servants, have thus far obeyed the mathematician, have suddenly lunged out an order from Almighty God not to hold that base steady any longer on those terms. The engineer who knew the hand-writing, trembled; the obedient masons and *faccini* looked down, then eyed the threatening mass. The question was, which way it would fall. Among the crowd, silence! The sun poured down on the stillness and the despair. Suddenly from out that breathless mass of men there came a voice, clear as the archangel's trumpet, *WET THE ROPES!* The crowd turned. Tiptoe on a post stood a fellow in a jacket of humble homespun, his eye full of fire, and his hair rising with the sense of his responsibility; from engineer to humblest *faccino* that order got instant obedience, the cables which only wanted the water

cure, bit fiercely into the granite, the windlasses were manned once more, the obelisk rose to its post and took its stand for centuries. It is well that there be order and discipline and even the pain of death for their sake, because the divine man is not stopped by the latter, in that he bears eternal life, and the sense thereof in his own bosom.

Thou whose "Lectures and Miscellanies" do fill my mind with a certain sense of roundness, finish, and courtly presentableness, I pray thee in the fervor of thy faith to read them in German beerhouse, and amid throngs of low-browed and big-jawed Hibernians, stepping here on shore with vast appetite, a faith that removes mountains, and imperfect, insufficient knowledge of Paley and Chesterfield. There in the eye that lights all that bone and muscle shalt thou see as in a glass, darkly, no dearth of hard knocks and bloody noses, standing in dread array between thy silk stocking theory and any practical, bearable system of living together based thereon. I do not mean to deny that thou hast found a sibylline leaf and deciphered it well, but there were other sibylline leaves, which were burned before pride took the alarm, and the secret of making men learn *lovingly*—was in those that were burned!

Humbly do I recognize in thy hand the divine hammer that fashions me, as with resolute grip thou holdest me upon the anvil, but the anvil below strikes as hard as thou above, and is steadier, for it stands on that which talk cannot reach. Not from Pliny's page or Buffon's elaborations did man learn the mystery of tiger's tooth or faugs of deadly rattlesnake. The nightshade "never told her love" to the eye, 'twas in the writhing stomach of experiment that she talked the true, Catholic tongue, English to Englishmen, French to Frenchmen, and they who saw believed.

Well do I know that God's truth is a two-edged sword, even such of it as man may wield, but it is a sword whose handle burns as fiercely as its edge doth cut, and knowing men pass it more quickly than the bottle.

Let us make, then, a grand experiment, let us unite as one man from Maine to Georgia, we who have read and have seen, and let us seek to change the Anglo Saxon hat, or wrench one button from the empire of Brummagem fashion and transatlantic dictation, let us see "*quid valeant quid recusent humeri*," let us test our influence with the masses, by a garb made according to the demonstrable requirement of climate and convenience. Verily, I say to thee, that Wall street will greet us with a guffaw, the maids will titter at us through the blinds, the rowdies will hustle us in the thoroughfare, and even the good quiet man will see these things through the plate glass of his chariot, and say *debaxo de su manto*—"Sarved 'em right." While thou warmest in the promise of order, quiet content, and cheerful toil, lo! the Catholic priest hath already occupied their hearts with the "promise to pay," whose Biddle has yet to find his Andrew, and whose god-like defenders and constitutional expounders mean to fight for it at last, and not "obsolete" it. Not by rushing madly at the differential calculus, or wielding algebraic signs or logarithmic compend, is the traffic of the world done, because then

there would be too hard a pressure of Sir Isaac Newton's, and Lacroix would lose his balance, Cocker alone will carry you to millions, and then you may maintain those that teach the higher law of calculation—and make trouble therewith.

Let us seek rather the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto us; let us throw off our coats, and leaving the question of the Trinity an open one, teach the poor and the lowly that cleanliness is next to godliness; let us try to save and cleanse what of womanhood is left in "poor and common whores," and seek out little wrongs as a hidden treasure, that we may put a little right in their places; let us frown down waste, for God has only made enough of each thing; let us honor toil, for toil is the sunshine's brother; let us seek the heart of man, for there is eternal life, and not ask too much of his head, for that fruit is not yet ripe.

I cannot as yet adopt thy broad humanity—I will put up with less breath, much less—only give me more depth therewith. I love the concrete my brother! and I can look Sir Isaac Newton in the eye without finching; I kneel to Willy Shakspeare, who guessed to a drop how much oil goes to a Lombard's salad.

Give me the man who, seated in that fog bank betwixt the North Sea and the Irish Channel, held horses at the play-house and found it in his head to teach kings how to wear a crown! the man who, living amid theatre wenches and pot-house degradation, found it in his heart to paint the purple dawn of virgin womanhood in the far away south, and made a Moor to burn with more than Africa's passion. That's the mind that I will follow, not only because he is genial, warm and real, not only because he is substantial, hath an *avoids*, a perfume and a taste, but because he is multiform, elastic, not procrustean, not monomaniacal. I hate thy straight lines, and thy arrangements for the elbows, and thy lid that fits over all, with the screws ready in thy hand. I will none of it. If thou insist, fun shall come of it, but it shall be of that fun which all men make who forget that it takes two to conclude a bargain.

The measure which thou hast scientifically taken of me is my measure now, perhaps, but now I am young, dormant, not come to my full height or my adult strength. I feel that I am destined to outgrow thy feet and inches hereafter; whole degrees of latitude shall I require for my morning walk—what do I say? I will spurn the great globe itself, and the solar system shall hold me in base "circumscription and confine." The utmost measure of thy extended arms, my brother, is thy own measure, not mine, still less that of collective manhood. If thou be truly great, then shalt thou add one grain of sand to the rising anthill, and that shall suffice thee; as it hath sufficed thy brother pisinire, however great, until now!

Remember how Mahomet learned that we was sent of God, even by making two or three dunderheads take him at that rate. This is the mountain that the faith of all prophets must begin by removing. Ever so little a spark of this, even as a grain of mustard seed, will answer for a beginning, and then comes by degrees a flame that

covers large portions of Asia, Africa and Europe with turbans, circumcision, and slaughter.

I object to these transcendental theories of life, because of their genesis. I object to them because of the experience of them that hath been made. I object to them more than all, because they threaten to pare down and clip the tendrils by which I cling to the concrete.

They are, one and all, the offspring of negative propositions, and are imaginary eliminations of existing evils, or what men regard as such. Fourier's disgust at French corruption, passion and discord, was a good motive for going to England, or Switzerland, or America. He might have found his quietus in the concrete. 'Tis the crystallization of love and worship in the average mind that foundeth new systems; dissatisfaction operates with the torch, the mine, and the guillotine, it plows, harrows and prepares the ground, love seeds it: LOVE, and HOPE, and FAITH.

Dost thou speak to me of the large promise of these people, of quiet, and joy, and universal satisfaction, and offer this as a proof of love? I cannot accept it as such. They offer it to man on the condition of his being no more what he hath ever been—a belligerent. They ask him to lay down his fangs and claws, and taking him into the high mountain of their theory, promise him "*la gestion du globe*"—the kingdom of the world. *Retro Satanas.*

I shall not enter into any contract to wash my Ethiopian skin, or eradicate my leopard's spots. I shall seek to be clean, and to make my neighbor clean, but if he will not be clean, "let him be filthy still."

The experience that hath been made of ultra doctrines, does not charm my mind. I like not to contemplate the rites of Buddha, or the Thebaid, or the monomania of La Trappe. Even Quakerism leaves a burning spot of my heart unwatered; this, thou of the Society of Friends, this, thou sayest, is a proof of my corrupt nature. Let us pray!

We are all convinced of our own unworthiness, monsters of guilt are we, but yet have we a clear perception of the right, we think. Did God, then, make our conscience, and the devil make our wills? If so, we are held by a double ownership, and must abide the consequences.

We are conscious that there is an up and down in space, but if we analyze this idea, we shall find that "down" is but another name for that which is in the direction of gravitation; "up," that which is against gravitation. To the Infinite Mind in infinite space can there be neither up nor down, I reckon. In the moral world, self is the centre of gravitation, what tends uniquely thither we call selfish—down; what tends against that—generous—up. Now, the highest flight of eagle vitality must tire, for the gravitation is perennial, the vitality limited, brief, feeble. We build our church up into the sky against the gravitation, but 'tis only the *downward tendency* that holds it fast. This is true materially, and it is true morally, for there are not two Gods, but one God, I believe! Therefore do civilizations begin with heroism, self-sacrifice, and love! These, like the fusee of a rocket, conquer the suction of earth, and the stick soars. The fusee lessens by functions, the stick re-

mains ever of the original avoirdupois. The stick goes up with so many ounces of unwillingness, and by degrees there comes a balance of power—momentary; for the downward will gets the better of the fire, and the stick comes home. The first Christians were crucified with their heads downwards; the later Christians hold largely in the funds, and seek Rothschild's countenance. This suction self-ward is so inherent and inevitable, that the sacrifice of self hath ever, until now, been bought—for a consideration—which, to my mind, seems not unlike going in at the same hole at which we came out—sailing westward until we find ourselves in the orient.

For these reasons do I mistrust the theorist. Nine times in ten hath he no wholesome, working, organic relation with God's ground or with his fellow-men. Nine times in ten is his position in life exceptional and not normal. Nine times in ten doth he sit perched upon an income which is a dead branch of the living tree of industry, and with his belly distended by the east wind, and his heart sour with the ambition that hath struck inward, doth he spout generalities, more or less outside of the real needs of to-day. He hath said in his heart that God's world till now hath been but rough draft on slate, and saith that he hath a sponge. Not so, brother! This is a fight, come down and take thy side, and do battle for the rightest of the two combatants. Thy "virtue" is an elevation on paper; to build it on the ground, we must have "cake and ale."

Lock up thy head which would fain teach us that one man is more than all men, open thy heart, where there be treasures yet untold, let thy hand do with its might whatever it findeth to do not because of perfection, which is out of reach, but because idleness is the root of much evil.

When in the plenitude of thy ingenuity, thou canst fashion a stick with only one end, a solid body with only one side, a magnet with only one pole, a light not dogged by shadow, a harmony with only one part, a marriage with only a bridegroom, then wilt thou be prepared to begin thy Millennium; until then, I must paraphrase the French dictum, and say unflinchingly, "*Si le péché n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer.*"

HORATIO GREENOUGH.

The Poetry of Architecture; or the Architecture of the Nations of Europe, considered in its Association with Natural Scenery and National Character. By JOHN RUSKIN.

No. 3.—THE VILLA (Concluded.)

V. THE BRITISH VILLA.—HILL, OR BROWN, COUNTRY.—PRINCIPLES OF COMPOSITION.—(concluded).

THERE are two modes in which any mental or material effect may be increased; by contrast or assimilation. Supposing that we have a certain number of features, or existences, under a given influence; then, by subjecting another feature to the same influence, we increase the universality, and therefore the effect, of that influence; but, by introducing another feature, not under the same influence, we render the subjection of the other features more palpable, and therefore more effective. Now, the principles by which we are to be guided in